

Magazine Feature Section

DOWN and UP the LADDER

(PASSED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF COURTSHIP...)

A Two-Reel Thriller of Real Life Movie Action In Which a Charming Dancer Asks "Mama's Forgiveness" In an Out of the Ordinary Way



Mrs. R. Mayne Luther, Who Climbed Down a Ladder for Love and Back Again to Win a Blessing.

Gather round, all ye lovers of the romantic, and pass judgment on the following scenario from "real" life—beg pardon, from "real" life:

Pretty girl not quite 18. Ardent wooer. Proposal. Acceptance. Objection on part of girl's parents. "Too young," they say. Girl is petulant. "I'm old enough to know my own mind," she avers. Her sweetheart quite agrees. Girl steals from home on a ladder. Elopement and marriage.

ONE YEAR LATER.

Happy couple in the west. Mother, traveling, meets daughter. Asks her to come home on a visit. "But you must come back as you left—on a ladder," says mother. Several weeks pass. One day mother hears a tap-tap-tap on apartment window. Looks out. Sees daughter's smiling face pressed against window pane. "Here I am—now let me in," says daughter. Mother docs. Kisses. Reunion. Forgiveness all around. (Passed by the National Board of Courtship.)

Isn't it a thriller?

Of course it is. But wait—there are a half-dozen or more "subtitles" to the plot, as they say in the movies, each and every one of which enhances it the more.

Now to give it to you in its entirety:

When Dorothy Henri Klewer was 16 years old she naively announced her engagement to R. Mayne Luther. Fashionable society of Chicago's North Side gasped in amazement. Surely pretty Dorothy was not in earnest. Why, she was only a child! But Dorothy Henri Klewer was

very much in earnest. "I love Mayne dearly, and we are going to marry in the fall," she told her acquaintances.

But Papa Klewer took a hand in the affair of the heart. So did Mama Klewer. They prevailed upon the girl to "wait awhile." Yes, they even prevailed upon her to call the engagement off.

But the love the girl bore for young Mr. Luther did not cool. Society noted that and society shook its head. "Love laughs at locksmiths," came to the lips of more than one friend of the Klewer family.

A little less than a year ago Miss Dorothy had quite a chat with her parents. The impetuous R. Mayne Luther had proposed again, she said, and there was no saying nay to his arduous pleadings of love. She had accepted him and they planned to marry soon.

VEHEMENT OBJECTIONS.

"But you haven't had your 'coming out yet,'" argued the fond parents. "You are not 18 years old. Wait awhile longer."

Papa Klewer and Mama Klewer even went so far as to argue that young Luther should not call on their daughter more than five times a week. Just think of it! Only five times a week!

Argument was useless. The elder Klewers had put their foot (or their feet) down on it. Truly, Miss Dorothy was in a quandary.

But not for long. One evening Mrs. Klewer was visiting at the home of a neighbor. "Will you go with me, Dorothy?" she asked before leaving. No, Miss Dorothy would not go. She had a

dreadful "headache." Mrs. Klewer had hardly stepped into her automobile before things began to happen in the bedroom of her daughter.

The girl dragged six suitcases from beneath the bed. Into each she packed clothing and some personal belongings. The maid assisted her, not knowing what else to do in the face of a generous tip. The suitcases all packed, the girl and the maid started to carry them out the front door. But Miss Dorothy had forgotten all about Papa Klewer being at home. She heard his footsteps coming down the hall, and quickly returned, bag and baggage, to her room.

She lifted her bedroom window. "Ooh! hoo!" she called softly. The figure of a young man soon loomed in the semi-darkness beneath the window. "Bring your auto 'round in back," said the girl. "Dad hasn't gone out. And listen, Mayne, put a ladder against the window. It's the only way I can get out without him seeing me."

Mayne brought his auto 'round in back. Mayne got a ladder.

A few moments later the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Klewer was tossing heavy suitcases into the arms of her sweetheart. This done, she crawled to the ledge of the window and timidly placed her foot on the first step of the ladder.

WELCOME ASSURANCE.

"What if I should fall, Mayne, dear?" she whispered.

"I would catch you, Dorothy, dear," came the reply.

And it would not have been an impossible feat, for the Klewers live in a first-floor apartment—the drop

would not have been more than ten feet.

But the girl reached the ground without mishap. She assisted in helping pile the suitcases into the auto, and away sped the happy lovers to the home of a mutual girl friend. There they left the baggage while they went to a dance at a fashionable club. Miss Dorothy spent the night at the home of the girl friend, and in the morning she and R. Mayne Luther motored to Crown Point, Ind., the Gretna Green of the middle west, and were married.

Mrs. Klewer did not miss her daughter from home until noon of that day. "Miss" Dorothy was wont to sleep rather late, anyway. But when lunch hour was announced by a maid, and "Miss" Dorothy hadn't put in an appearance, Mrs. Klewer went to her room. Imagine her surprise to find that the bed hadn't been slept in the night before!

PARENTS ARE DECEIVED.

The maid who helped pack the suitcase kept her secret well. The Klewers were in ignorance of what had happened (though Mama Klewer half suspected) until afternoon. Then the telephone bell rang. Mrs. R. Mayne Luther was on the other end of the wire to "break the news to mother." What else was said by the bride, and what Mrs. Klewer replied, has not been divulged. But the Klewers did not see the newly married couple before they started for Denver—a week later.

How would young Luther support his wife—a girl accustomed to every luxury? That was the first question asked by society when they learned of the elopement. The hus-

band 24 and debonair, had been in the candy business—but said business had gone to the wall. Incidentally, a neat sum of money took flight with the blowup. In the words of some, young Luther was "strapped." There was no evidence that Papa Klewer would come to the rescue with a bank roll.

But society learned little about the Luthers. About all they knew was that the couple was somewhere "out west." Mr. and Mrs. Klewer knew that young Luther had opened a dancing school in Denver—but they didn't brag about it. Also they were acquainted with the fact that young Mrs. Luther, who was very well known in Chicago as a dancer at society fetes, was assisting her husband in giving lessons.

MET IN KANSAS CITY.

Every now and then the elopers left Denver to fill dancing engagements. It was while they were dancing at the Baltimore Hotel in Kansas City last February that Mrs. Klewer, returning from a trip through the west, stopped off in Kansas City for a few hours and saw her daughter for the first time since the marriage. A lengthy conversation ensued, with the result that Mrs. Luther indicated a desire to return home for a visit in the near future.

"But remember," admonished Mrs. Klewer, "you must come back just as you left—on a ladder. That wasn't a nice trick to play on your father and mother. But we'll even up—when you return to Chicago for a visit."

Mama Klewer may have been jesting when she inserted the lad-

der clause in the "coming back home" contract. And then again she may have been in earnest.

One day recently a pretty young woman got out of an automobile a block from the Klewer apartment in Chicago. She walked through an alley that runs back of the apartment—then stopped. Soon a familiar figure came out of the basement of the Klewer place. It was the janitor.

"For the land sakes, if it isn't Miss Dorothy," he exclaimed. "Where you been all this time?"

Hasty explanation followed. Then the young woman asked him to bring a ladder and place it against "her" old bedroom window. A few minutes later neighbors saw a bundle of fluffy silk ruffles, curly hair and giggles ascend the ladder.

Tap-tap-tap. Tap-tap-tap. Tap-tap-tap.

"I wonder what that noise is?" said Mrs. Klewer to another married daughter who was visiting her. "Don't you hear it?"

Yes, the other heard it. Mother and daughter listened intently.

Tap-tap-tap. Tap-tap-tap. Tap-tap-tap.

"There it is again," said Mrs. Klewer, "It seems to be in that bedroom," pointing to the one formerly occupied by Mrs. Luther.

The two went into the room and were startled at what they saw. Pressed against the window was the face of a man! No, a woman!

"Why, it's Dorothy!" cried the mother.

"My little sister!" cried the daughter.

Up flew the window.

"I'm back again—for a visit," said pretty Mrs. Luther. "And I came back the way I went away—on a ladder."

The bundle of fluffy silk ruffles, curly hair and giggles climbed into

the room—and into the arms of her kin.

PAPA JUST STORMS.

When Papa Klewer came home that night he stormed a bit and stamped his foot a bit when they told him Dorothy was home. But when Mrs. Klewer whispered the ladder incident into his ear he shook his head and smiled. And when a pair of soft, white arms stole around his neck, and a strangely familiar voice said, "Hello, daddy," he did what most any father would do—made up with Dorothy.

So everybody's happy. Dorothy is back in Denver with her dancing husband, but rumor has it that they will forsake the art of Terpsichore as soon as several contracts are fulfilled.

And rumor has it that the Klewers will be twice as happy when this is done.

Now, wasn't this romance a thriller?

He Wasn't Sure.

"Won't you be very, very happy when your sentence is over?" cheerfully asked a woman of a convict in prison.

"I dunno, ma'am, I dunno," gloomily answered the man. "You don't know?" asked the woman, amazed. "Why not?"

As a Starter.

"The professor says that a man can live to be 150 years of age if he will follow directions," said the studious person, looking up from his book.

"And what are the directions?" asked the practical person. "Would he begin operation by destroying all of the automobiles?"

Not Enterprising.

"Every think about it?"

"What?"

"Time flies."

"Sure."

"Why doesn't it take out a patent upon itself?"